

Miller & Rhoads. Miller & Rhoads.

\$5.00 and \$6.00 White Lawn Waists For \$3.98.

Five or six dollars should purchase a handsome White Lawn Waist, and the garments we had at these figures were well worth the money in material and finish.

We've made a general reduction in the prices of all of our White Lawn Waists to clear up matters before inventory.

The \$5.00 and \$6.00 garments are now \$3.98.

\$2.48 for Waists worth \$3.48 and \$4.00.
\$1.98 for Waists worth \$3.00.
\$1.25 for Waists worth \$1.98.
\$1.00 for Waists worth \$1.50.

Under Prices Rule in the Upholstery Department.

To economize space as much as possible on the third floor during alterations, many a thing must go out below its real value.

15 and 18 yard pieces of Mattings will be sold for 17c yard.
The other parts of the rolls sold from 25c to 35c.
Summer Rugs in Japanese designs, 27x54 inches in size, for \$1.00 each. They were \$1.25 and \$1.50. All colors.
Denim and Creton, 10c yard, that sold for 15c and 18c. Yard wide and very pretty, whether for couch covers or curtains.
50c Window Shades for 25c. Good length—9 feet—and 28 inches wide.
Opaque Shades of a good quality and mounted on good rollers.
Dark Green, Old Rose, White and Olive.

50c. Buys A Splendid Negligee Shirt For Men.

We naturally look for the best we can get in Negligee Shirts or anything else for that matter to sell at a certain price.

This year we gave more attention even than usual to the selection of our 50c and \$1.00 Negligee Shirts.

They are the best we ever saw for the money—the French Madras front alone in the 50c garments being worth the price almost of the Shirt; while the patterns, quality and fit of the dol-

lar garments put them easily in the front rank.

Seeing and examining are good tests—and you can easily do both.

50c for thin Underwear that never sold for less than \$1.00 until we started this sale of odd sizes.

Open mesh, French Lisle and mercerized Underwear—"Japanese Silk," the latter is called.

Two garments for the price of one. Worth looking at, are they not?

Miller & Rhoads

THE TWO VANREVELS

By BOOTH TARKINGTON.
Copyright by McClure, Phillips & Co.

Carewe came closer to her and gave her a long look from such bitter eyes that she felt before them. "If you've been treacherous to me, Jane Tanberry," he said, "then God punish you! If they've met my daughter and that man—while I was away, it is on your head. I don't ask you, because I believe if you knew anything you'd lie for her sake. But I tell you that as she read that paper she did not hear my step on the walk nor know that I was there until I leaned over her shoulder. And I swear that I suspect her!"

He turned and walked to the door, while the indomitable Mrs. Tanberry, silenced for once, sank into the chair he had vacated. Before he disappeared within the house he paused.

"If Mr. Vanrevel has met my daughter," he said, in a voice which, stretching out both hands in a strange, menacing gesture toward the town that lay darkling in the growing dusk, "if he has addressed one word to her, or so much as looked at her, I swear that I will let him take care of himself!"

"Oh, Robert, Robert," Mrs. Tanberry cried, in a frightened whisper to herself, "all the fun and brightness went out of the world when you came home!"

For in truth, the cavity and height of the house which, during the great lady's too brief reign, had seemed a vital adjunct of the house to make the place resound with music and laughter, were now departed. No more did Mrs. Tanberry extemporize Dan Tucker, mazourkas, or quadrilles in the ball-room, nor blind-man's buff in the library; no more did serenaders nightly seek the garden with instrumental plunkings and vocal gifts of harmony. Even the young boys of the fountain seemed to share the timidity of the other youths of the town where Mr. Carewe was concerned, for the goblet he held aloft no longer sent a lively stream leaping into the sunshine in translucent gambols, but dribbled and dripped upon him like a morbid autumn rain. The depression of the place was like a drape of mourning purple; but not that house alone lay blue and there were other reasons than the return of Robert Carewe why Rouen had lost the joy and mirth that belonged to it. Nay, the merry town had changed beyond all credence; it was hushed like a sick-room, and dolefully murmurous with forebodings of farewell and sorrow.

For all the very flower of Rouen's youth had promised to follow Tom Vanrevel on the long and arduous journey to Ouen, to make a burning trail under tropical sun, to face strange fevers and the guns of Santa Anna.

Few were the houses of the more pretentious sort that did not mourn, in prospect, the going of a son, or brother, or close friend; mothers already wept in secret, fathers talked with husky bravado; and every one was very kind to those who were to go, speaking to them gently and bringing them little presents. Nor could the hearts of girls now longer mask as blocks of ice to the prospective conquistadores; Eugene Madrilion's younger brother, Jean, after a two years' absence, returned to the town with a young girl, (that notable spitfire) announced his engagement upon the day after his enlistment, and recounted to all who would listen how his tempestful fight upon his neck in tears when she heard the news. "And now she cries about me all the time," finished the frank Jean blithely.

But there was little spirit for the old merriments; there were no more cap-pedancers at the Bareauds, no masquerades at the Madrilions, no picnics in the woods nor excursions on the river; and no more did light feet bear light hearts through the "mats of the scottische," the subtle mazourka, or the stately quadrille, as will Cummings remarked in the other Fanchon, Virginia, and five or six others, spent their afternoons mournfully and yet proudly sewing and cutting large pieces of colored silk, fashioning a great flag for their sweethearts and brothers to bear southward and plant where stood the palace of the Montebello.

That was sad work for Fanchon, who had been so used to the

before their departure for the State rendezvous, and it should be made the noblest festival in Rouen's history; the subscribers took their oath to it. They rented the big dining room at the Rouen House, covered the floor with small cloth, and hung the walls solidly with banners and roses, for June had come. More, they ran a red carpet across the sidewalk (which was perfectly dry and clean) almost to the other side of the street; they imported two extra fiddles and a clarinet to enlarge the orchestra; and they commanded a supper such as a hungry man beholds in a dream.

Miss Betty laid out her prettiest dress that evening, and Mrs. Tanberry came in and worshipped it as it rested, like foam of lavender and white and gray, upon the bed, beside the snowy gloves with their tiny, stiff lace gauntlets, while the small, sandy slippers, with jewelled buckles where the straps crossed each other, were being fastened upon Miss Betty's silken feet by the vain and gloating Mamie.

"It's a wicked cruelty, Princess!" exclaimed Mrs. Tanberry. "We want to cheer the poor fellows and make up your mind to do it, but you're too thoughtful to go with us!" asked Betty. "Is father to go with us?" asked Betty. "It was through Mrs. Tanberry that she now derived all information concerning Mr. Carewe, as he had not directly addressed her since the afternoon when he discovered her reading the Journal's extra.

"No, we are to meet him there. He seems rather pleasant than usual this evening," remarked Mrs. Tanberry, hopefully, as she retired.

"Don't we must get ready to share his trouble tomorrow!" commented the kneeling Mamie, with a giggle.

Alas! poor adoring servitors, she received a share into herself that very evening, for her young mistress, usually as amiable as a fair summer sky, fidgeted, grumbled, found nothing well done, and was never two minutes in the same mood. After dinner, she selected dress, she declared it a fright, tried two others, abused each roundly, dismissed her almost weeping handmaid abruptly, and again put on the first. Sitting down to the mirror, she spent a full hour over the arrangement of her hair looking intently at the image, sometimes with the beginning of doubtful approval, often angrily, and now and then beseechingly, imploring it to be lovely.

When Mrs. Tanberry came in to tell her that Nelson was at the block with the carriage, Miss Betty did not turn, and the elder lady slipped on her third hold and gave a quick, asthmatic gasp of delight. For the picture she saw was, without a doubt in the world, what she proclaimed it a masterpiece, a masterpiece—the girlish little pink and white room, with all its dainty settings for a background, lit by the dozen candles in their sconces and half as many slender silver candelabra, and seated before the twinkling mirror, the beautiful Miss Carewe, in her gown of lace and flounces that were crisp, yet soft, her rope of pearls, her white sandals, and all the glory of her youth and beauty, and the wreath of white roses into her hair, her cheeks were flushed and her eyes warm and glowing, yet inscrutable in their long gaze into the mirror.

"Oh, said Mrs. Tanberry, 'you make me want to be a man! I'd pick you up and run to the North Pole, where no one could ever follow. And I tell you that it hurts not to throw my arms around you and kiss you! But you're too exquisite! I don't want to touch you!'

In answer Miss Betty ran to her and kissed her rapturously on both cheeks. "Am I after all," she cried, "am I so lovely? Will the roses do?"

Heeding her companion's staccato notes of approval, she went rapidly to the open bureau, snatched up a double handful of ribbons and a bunch of buttons, and returned to the room in search of the discarded Mamie. She found her seated on the kitchen doorstep, in lonely lamentation, and showered the gifts into her lap.

"What's the matter, dear?" asked Betty, with the vain and gloating Mamie. "What's the matter, dear?" asked Betty, with the vain and gloating Mamie. "What's the matter, dear?" asked Betty, with the vain and gloating Mamie.

"Here, and here, and here!" said Miss Betty, in a breath, holding the dainties up to her. "I'm an evil-tongued shrew, Mamie, and these aren't to make up for the pain I gave you, but just to show that I'd like to if I knew how! Good-night!" and she was off like an April breeze.

"Dance with the handsomest," screamed Mamie, pursuing uproariously to see the last of her as she jumped into the carriage. "What a beautiful girl! Kiss her one you love de best!"

"That will be you," said Miss Betty to Mrs. Tanberry, and kissed the good lady again.

(To be continued to-morrow.)

Failed of Quorum.

The Committee on Streets and Shockoe Creek failed of a quorum yesterday afternoon. The meeting was a special one, and only a few members were present.

AN EDITOR

Found That it Pays to Take His Wife's Advice.

Mr. A. U. Grouby, editor of the Abbeville, Ala., News, has the following kind words for Chas. H. Fletcher, publisher of the Diarrhoea Remedy: "Several days ago I was taken with something like bilious dysentery in a malignant form. I took medicines for two or three days, but without effect. I then took a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy in the house, and my wife prevailed upon me to take a dose. The one dose relieved me, within an hour, and I have not been troubled with it since. I consider this the most wonderful bowel remedy I have ever seen." For sale by all druggists.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

SPECIAL EXCURSIONS TO NIAGARA FALLS.

Via R., F. & P. R. R. and Connections

Excursions leave Washington via Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and Lehigh Valley Railroad at 8:30 A. M., July 17th and 21st, August 14th and 25th, September 11th and 25th, and October 5th.

Leave Washington via Pennsylvania Railroad at 8:30 A. M., July 17th and 21st, August 14th and 25th, September 11th and 25th, and October 5th.

Round trip rate from Richmond, \$13.50. Tickets on sale for ten days prior to departure from Washington and for train leaving Byrd-Street Station at 10 A. M. on the above dates, limited to leave Niagara Falls, returning within ten days, including date of excursion.

For tickets and other information, apply to Ticket Agents, Byrd-Street, Elba or Main-Street, No. 10, Richmond Transfer Company, No. 25 East Main Street, Jefferson Hotel or Murphy's Hotel.

W. P. TAYLOR,
Traffic Manager.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

Kicked by a Mule.

Mr. S. D. Barksdale, assistant superintendent of the State Test Farm, was kicked by a mule yesterday while in an effort to rescue the animal from a burning barn. Mr. Barksdale is getting on very well, and was not seriously hurt.

LETTER FROM NATIVE AFRICAN

Board in Receipt of an Interesting Composition—Want a Professor in China.

The Foreign Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention is in receipt of an exceedingly interesting letter from a native African, who has been converted to Christianity and who is now devoting his life to work among his fellow-countrymen.

The document gives some interesting information regarding upon the missionary work in the District of the Continent. There are some grammatical errors and the idiom is not always correct, but on the whole the letter is remarkably clear and well written.

The man's name is M. Ladojo Sione. He remarks naively to Dr. Williamson that he will be "amused" to know "that it takes your letter forty-four days to get to my hand." There is a long distance between Africa and America, he believes.

"This is the first difference in nationality and language; you are American, I am African; you are white man, I am black man; but all are made one in Christ Jesus by His grace."

At this time the board, strange to say, has received from the missionaries no account of the famine in China. In a letter from Dr. Hartwell at Tientsin, it is stated that there is a great need for Christian schools for the instruction of native teachers, and also a great need for competent teachers.

To meet these demands the mission decided at a recent meeting to establish The North China Baptist Training School, under the care of Dr. Hartwell and Dr. Pruitt. The mission of the school is to train native teachers and to send them to the field.

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DR. PIERCE OFFERS

\$500 REWARD FOR WOMEN WHO CANNOT BE CURED OF FEMALE WEAKNESS.

Backed up by over a third of a century of remarkable and uniform cures, a record such as no other remedy for the diseases and weaknesses peculiar to women ever attained, the proprietors and makers of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription now feel fully warranted in offering to pay \$500 in legal money of the United States for any case of Leucorrhea, Female Weakness, Prolapsus, or Falling of Womb, which they cannot cure. All they ask is a fair and reasonable trial of their means of cure.

WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Proprietors, BUFFALO, N. Y.



Social and Personal

In the lapse of years there lingers yet the shadow of a turreted parapet—'Tis the Castle of Content.

El ho! El ho! the Castle of Content, With drowsy music drowning merriment, Whence Dreams and Visions held high carnival.

And Love, vine-crowned, sat laughing over all. El ho! El ho! the vanished Castle of Content.

Small head had we of the fleet, sweet hours, Till the droops of Time were sent To seize the treasures and take the towers Of the Castle of Content.

El ho! El ho! the Castle of Content, With flaming tower and falling battlement; Prime time hath conquered, and the freighted stream Above the wounded Loves, the dying Dreams—

El ho! El ho! the vanished Castle of Content. The towers are fallen; no laughter rings Through the rafters, charred and rent; The ruin is wrought of all goodly things In the Castle of Content.

El ho! El ho! the Castle of Content, Beyond the Land of Youth, where mirth was meant! The walls are ashes now, and all in vain Hand-showered eyes turn backward and again.

Only the memory of that dear domain. El ho! El ho! the vanished Castle of Content. JAMES BRANCH CABELL, in August Harper.

The gorgeous frontispiece for the midsummer Harper's is Howard Pyle's colorful illustration of James Branch Cabell's story, "The Castle of Content," to which the place of honor in the magazine has been assigned. The drawing is one of a fool in his motley of crimson and green, with his cap and bauble, standing in the forefront. The fool's fingers are straying among the strings of his ladder, and he is pained and one seems to hear him from them the words quoted above:

"Small head had we of the fleet, sweet hours."

The second illustration, and one of the finest of the five which illuminate Mr. Cabell's pages, discloses the interior of a cottage, where the fool is seated beside the couch of a dying peasant woman. The fifth reveals the poor fool in the night, after his Castle of Content has vanished. The shrouded form of sorrow crouches near him and her skeleton finger outstretched, touches his shoulder.

Light him hope have died out of a face. Only a shrinking dread and submission are left with which the world must be faced, mixed with a pathetic dignity which inspires and compels respect.

Mr. Pyle's work is undoubtedly fine, but behind it lies the inspiration of an author who makes the artist's task an easy one. "The Castle of Content" is one of Mr. Cabell's best and completest efforts, and as such furnishes every advantage to an interpreter of his meaning.

His hero—Will Albany, the fool—learns at the outset from his Aunt Ellinger, who tells him the story in dying, that he is the legitimate son of Tom Albany, the Marquis of Palmyouth, and of his mother, secretly married. The proofs are put into his hand, and his aunt, who has always hated the Albany, and hates him even in death, bids him farewell and sends him on his journey, leaving him to his fate.

The fool goes, dazed with what he has just heard, hardly realizing his sudden accession to fortune. His feet take him straight to Livingston Manor, to the window of the Lady Adeliza, the daughter of Monsieur de Puyange, and the betrothed of Stephen Albany, whose marquisate the fool has in his power to take away. Knowing nothing of her love for Stephen Albany, and with the possibilities of his

future dazzling his brain, the same fool falls a-sleeping.

Lady Adeliza hears him, comes to her casement, speaks softly, and for a few brief hours Will Albany fancies he has his feet on the threshold of the Castle of Content. Is it ever given to mortals to see one's strength? Certainly, Will did not, as Mr. Cabell's readers will find out when they go on. But fool though he may be reckoned, the wearer of the motley faces his adversity fortune as a man. He makes no moan, and because he makes none, wins all the greater sympathy. When he finds that the lady, far above him, has given her heart to another, he sets to work, and by the heroic sacrifice of none for himself, helps to give her the desire of her heart. And she—well, at the last moment some dim intuition of what he has done flashed through her mind, and before her lover takes her away, she stoops and kisses the fool by way of recompense.

And many who sacrifice much for love have not even the memory of a kind word to the person who has sacrificed for them. For the strength of the fool, on whose lips it was laid warm for many a day afterwards.

The whole conception and setting of "The Castle of Content," belonging as it does to the period of old English, is as vivid as it is beautiful. Of the many fine things which Mr. Cabell has published within the past year, this, the last of his productions, should stand out as one of the best. It is a story of power and pathos, and Mr. Cabell, who is now at the Rockbridge Alum Springs, is at work on a novelette and a book. Several short stories by him will also appear in the coming months, and his publishers will fill his days brimful of occupation for months to come.

Miss Alice West Allen announces the engagement and approaching marriage of her daughter, Miss Virginia Beverly Allen, to Mr. Carroll H. Jones, of Carroll, N. C. The ceremony will be performed in the home of the bride's mother, No. 24 South Third Street, at 6:30 P. M., August 4th, and the wedding will be very quiet on account of recent bereavement in the family of the bride. Only the most intimate friends and the nearest relatives of the contracting parties will be present.

Miss Allen is a lovely young girl, who has always been a great social favorite in Richmond. Her father, the late Mr. M. A. Allen, was, until his health failed, actively associated with business circles in Richmond. Her mother, before her marriage, was Miss Alice West, of "Westland," in Louisa county, one of the most famous and hospitable of old Virginia homes. Mr. Jones belongs to a prominent family of North Carolina, where he is engaged in insurance business and is exceedingly popular socially.

Richmond friends who are at Atlantic City met there last week Mrs. Jefferson Davis, who was, during her stay, the hostess of several luncheons, to which a number of her acquaintances were invited. Beyond the giving of the luncheon parties, Mrs. Davis lived very quietly at the Marlborough House, spending much of her time on the hotel porches or in being wheeled on the boardwalk in a rolling chair. Mrs. Davis has no young people, and she will spend the remainder of the summer.

Many Richmonders who are summering in the neighborhood of Keswick will be interested in the theatricals to be given at the Keswick Hunt Club, Friday, July 24th.

The curtain will rise at 8:30 o'clock P. M., the first presentation being a comedy in three acts, entitled "Maidens All Forlorn," with the following cast: Maud Meredith, Elizabeth Lyndon, Bertha Baridale (niece), Miss Sallie Pugh, Mrs. Mary Mead, Mrs. Alice O'Grady, Thelma Marston (their aunt), Miss Jeanette Hancock, Mrs. Maloney (landlady of Shabby cottage), Jocelyn Denby, F. D. (Mrs. Hickey), Mrs. Williamson.

This will be followed by a one act comedietta—"Mrs. Hilary Regrets"—in which the following persons will take part: Dr. Power, M. D., Mr. Leslie Reed; Preston, a man servant, Mr. Sydney Macdonald; Blanch Hilary, a young widow, Mrs. Thurman.

After the plays there will be an informal dance and the whole affair will be charming.

A cablegram has been received announcing the safe arrival in England on Saturday last of Dr. Howard Lee Jones, of New York, and Rev. M. Ashby Jones, of Richmond.

Mr. Ashby Jones closes a dispatch to his church, the Leigh-Street Baptist, with the following quotation: "But I trust I shall shortly see thee, and we shall speak face to face. Peace be to thee. Our friends salute thee. Greet the friends by name!"

Personal Mention.

The Lynchburg News of yesterday says: "A camping party left this city this morning at 7 o'clock over the Norfolk and Western for Bedford City, where private conveyances were taken for Apple Orchard, near the Peaks of Otter, at which place ten days will be spent at fresco. The party is given by Miss Julia Hancock, of this city, and Miss Mary Wheat, of Thaxton's. Those who went from here were Misses Julia and Lottie Hancock and Miss Mabel Buckner, also Hamilton Miller. From Danville the following joined the party here: Misses Julia James, Mabel Robinson, and Lilla Wemple, and Messrs. Lewis Walker, Kenneth Noel, Fred Noel, Orlando Wemple, Russell James and Jeff Risson.

Messrs. Will Coleman and John Jordan, of Bedford City, were of their party, and the chaperones were Mrs. Miller of Thaxton's, and Mr. and Mrs. Whitehead, of Chattanooga. Mrs. E. A. Hancock, of this city, will join the party later.

Misses Marie and Julie Kuper, of Washington, D. C., are the guests of Mrs. Virginia Allen, of No. 201 South Third Street.

Mrs. Nannie Langhorne-Shaw has arrived in New York from England, and will return this week to her home near Greenwood.

Miss Hester Cabell Tabb is visiting Miss Ingersoll at Sunnyside, near Keswick.

Mrs. Lenora A. Blackiston is the guest of relatives in Hampton, Va.

Friends of Mrs. George Gordon Battle will be pleased to hear that she is well, and that she is at her home, No. 5 South Third Street, for a few days.

Miss Florence A. Holland, of "Holland Hill," has joined the company at Brim Deep Cottage, Virginia Beach.

Miss Irma Stevenson left Saturday for Greenwood, where she will spend some time in the Virginia mountains.

Miss Annie Goode is the guest of relatives in Newport News, Va.

Miss Annie O. Fitzgerald will spend several weeks of her vacation in the North.

Mr. Langhorne Putney has returned to Richmond from a short stay at Virginia Beach. Mrs. Putney is at Miss Jordan's cottage at the beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank T. Crump are at Marlborough House, Atlantic City, and are enjoying the pleasures of that delightful resort.

Mr. Sydney Sherwood, of Portsmouth, Va., spent Sunday in Richmond, visiting his wife, Captain Wm. Sherwood, and the Rev. E. L. Goodwin and family.

Fulton Gospel Mission.

Mr. Matt. Block, an evangelist, has opened mission meetings of an unsectarian character at No. 5711 Lester Street, Fulton, where the gospel will be preached every night at 8 o'clock. The meetings will be opened to all Christians, who wish to participate, and everybody is cordially invited to attend. There will be no collections.

Reward Offered.

Governor Montague yesterday offered a reward of \$10 for one J. W. Carpenter, a negro, who is charged with having maliciously assaulted Thomas I. Moore, in Greensville county, on May 29th, last, and also with being a fugitive from justice.

Mr. Campbell Away.

Mr. John M. Campbell left yesterday afternoon via the Old Dominion Steamship Line for Long Branch, N. J., where he will spend the remainder of the week visiting friends.